

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Woman on What and When We Should Eat--Jack Strap and His Wife Can Always Agree.

Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner Bills--of-Fare for Every Day--Hints for Newly Married.

A Right and Wrong Way of Doing Everything Applied to Bed Making--Tuck the Covers in at the Foot.

Idiosyncrasies of Eating.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

In considering the subject of daily food, which comes within a woman's province ever since Solomon declared in his picture of an ideal woman that "She bringeth her food from afar; she riseth also in the night, and giveth meat to her household," it is necessary to consider something more than the hygienic and economic value of what we eat and set before others, and that is the individual tastes and necessities for which we must cater. I make a distinction between tastes and necessities, because many things we like to eat it is necessary to avoid on account of their special effect on certain constitutions; so that what is palatable may even be poisonous, for man has outgrown or out-educated that instinct which still guides the beasts of the field and warns them against noxious dainties. The history of idiosyncrasies in regard to food would be voluminous if all its illustrative facts could be obtained and written. A few may suggest to the anxious housewife the necessity of finding out what her guests cannot eat before she prepares their meals.

Once knew a young girl to whom the least particle of egg was a poison. In self-defense, as well as out of regard for her hosts, she was always obliged to ask the ingredients of any dish set before her which might perhaps contain the obnoxious article. She could not drink coffee that was cleared with an egg; and once, going out to a tea party, she asked the lady of the house if she put egg in her biscuit; she assured my friend that she had not, but no sooner had the unfortunate guest swallowed one mouthful of the light flaky roll than she went into a sort of spasm that quite broke up the party and alarmed those about her. Her hostess explained that she had quite forgotten having put one egg into the dough that made three or four dozen biscuit, nor could she have imagined that so infinitesimal a portion as was conveyed in one mouthful could have affected any one, but it did, and came very near being fatal.

At another time my friend was seized with similar symptoms, but could not trace a particle of egg in what she had eaten. Indeed, she had not eaten anything since noon, as the day was warm and her appetite delicate from the languid weather, but it was afterward discovered that some thing for cake had been made that morning in a large pitcher, as in those days, before Doctor egg-eaters were invented to bless us, it was the custom to beat eggs with a knife in a deep cup or pitcher, and a lady servant making lemonade had not washed the pitcher, thinking the little thing that remained after scraping out the dregs would not hurt the lemonade, but my friend drank some and was severely ill.

I have known many persons who could not eat veal; it is to me really poisonous, and I never have it on my own table, but many times I have dined where veal was the only meat on the table and been obliged to leave it untasted. I have another friend who cannot eat even one strawberry without being ill; I had another on whom they brought out an irritating eruption; several kinds of fish produce this effect on certain organizations. I had a relative who went into convulsions at the smell of cheese, and it was both amusing and irritating to a young niece who traveled with him a good deal to find it devolved upon her to inspect the table whenever he took any meal at a hotel, and order off his viands promptly and peremptorily. One day at a country tavern she was just in time to avert painful consequences, by seizing a plate from the waiter who was about to set it down under her uncle's nose, and whisking it away below the table the other side, telling the astonished girl in a veiled voice:

"Take this cheese away directly, or that old gentleman will have a fit!"

Fresh pork, too, is obnoxious to some people and unwholesome for more. Apples, often recommended as wholesome for mind and body, are not so for every one. I have known two or three people who could never eat even one; and sometimes they excite severe colic.

The scent and taste of certain condiments are nauseating to some persons; and it behooves every good housewife to ascertain if her guests possess any of these old idiosyncrasies, lest the meals she sets before them may be, to them, quite unpalatable or, at least, very disagreeable. Nor is it well in providing for children in our own households, to force them to eat what they dislike; the stomach will bear less outrage than most other of our vital organs. I well remember the experiments that were tried on me in my earlier years, when I had the misfortune to be the only child as well as the first living offspring in the family. I was delicately organized and inherited from my mother a slender and delicate appetite; in order to subvert this natural tendency I was obliged to eat some one thing that I did not like every day or go without my dinner. Now, it was no hardship to me to fast. I liked it as long as the garden was full of fruit and I had full leave to use its pleasant stores, so I set my face against the food that really nauseated me to swallow, and took the alternative of no dinner at all. But to this day I abhor certain things I was forced to taste, and their very odor is sickening; if a timely attack of scarlet fever, so severe that I barely escaped from it alive, had not intervened, I think my training would have brought on chronic dyspepsia; as it was, my recovery was long delayed because nothing tempted my appetite.

Then, again, there are temporary idiosyncratic desires for food, particularly in sickness, that are very apt to be instinctive indication of usefulness or need. A physician I once knew, whose early death was a real loss to the profession, so wonderful was his skill in diagnosis, and in the use of remedial agents--said to me once that if a patient strongly craved anything to eat or drink, however odd or unwholesome the thing desired seem to be, he always allowed them to try it, for he invariably found that the article in ques-

tion either became useful to the patient or just a mouthful or a sip would at once satisfy the desire.

He told of several instances in his own practice that justified this theory. While he was employed in B. hospital, after completing his course of study at a medical college, a severe epidemic of summer diarrhea set in and the children's ward was crowded with patients. The disease was unusually obstinate and malignant, and at last attacked an infant of the matrons'. The child was very ill and the mother was obliged to take it with her in her arms when she went about her duties, as those could not be neglected, and there was not a nurse to be spared. One day when she sat down to dinner with her child in her lap, there was a slice of boiled ham put on her plate. The ham had not been skinned after boiling, and the baby reached out and grasped a piece of the rind that was near her; and began to suck it with great eagerness; the mother was alarmed and tried to take it away, sure that it would be injurious under the circumstances, but the child cried so hard and grasped the rind so tightly that at last she gave up the contest.

Next morning the doctor said: "Mrs., how is your baby to-day?" fully expecting to hear an unfavorable report, as several infants had died during the night. "She's a good deal better!" said the mother, cheerfully. "But I surely thought I'd killed her yesterday, doctor. I let her get hold of a bit of ham rind when I wasn't looking at her and she got it in her mouth, and cried so when I tried to take it away I thought she'd have a spasm, so I let her suck it; but to-day she's ever so much better; her diarrhea stopped last night and she slept well, and ate well this morning."

The prompt and perceptive doctor went directly to the kitchen, discovered the remains of the ham, cut slices of the rind off, carried them up to the infant ward, and distributed them among the babies, who without exception grasped them with avidity; and every one on whom this experiment was tried rapidly recovered.

Another patient was an Irishman, apparently at the point of death with ulceration of the bowels; doctors and nurses had all given him up, he was unable to speak above a whisper, and my kind-hearted friend, pitiful of his helpless condition, stooped over him and said:

"Patrick, is there anything you want that I can get you?"

In a whisper so weak and hoarse as to be inaudible unless the doctor put his ear down close to the trembling lips, the dying man answered--

"Cabbage."

The doctor could not believe his ears.

"Did you say cabbage?" he asked incredulously.

"Oh, did," was the faint whisper.

"Cooked or raw?" asked the astonished doctor.

"Raw," murmured Patrick.

The doctor stood aghast; however, he reflected that Patrick was dying, and that nothing could kill or cure him now; it seemed a kindly thing to fulfill his last wish, so he went out into the garden, and, cutting a large, fresh cabbage, divided it into quarters and laid one of the sections close to Patrick's lips, guiding his helpless hand into a place that propped the cabbage up against his mouth, and then Dr. C. sat down to watch this extraordinary patient.

Slowly the cabbage disappeared, the Irishman's eyes brightened during the process, and a shade more of life pervaded his countenance; as the last fragment was swallowed he said: "More!"

In quite an audible tone, but the doctor made him wait a few moments before the second quarter was laid in position and eagerly received.

To curtail my story, in the course of the day Patrick ate all the good part of a large cabbage, began to get well from that time, and in a week or two left the hospital and went to work. I had this story from Dr. C. himself, or I dare not record it. In another instance the same physician was attending a case of severe kidney disease; the patient had a great craving for cider, and, remembering his experience in the hospital, the doctor sent for a pitcherful and ordered the nurse to give it to the sick man in small quantities and observe carefully how it acted on him, and to refuse it to him if it seemed injurious; the nurse followed directions, but the patient, like Oliver Twist, kept asking for more; the nurse dared not indulge him beyond the doctor's direction, but being overcome with sleep during the night omitted one dose, and the patient, creeping out of bed very quietly, reached the pitcher and emptied it at one draught. The poor nurse reproached himself bitterly for his lapse of watch, but the cider cured the patient, and both doctor and nurse were shortly dispensed with.

I knew of a person very ill with what in old times was called "spotted fever," now supposed to have been spinal meningitis, who had the same inordinate desire for cider, and on getting it drank at least a quart, was thrown into a violent perspiration, and three days after attending the funeral of the kind neighbor who had brought the elder and had himself died in that brief time of the same disease. This story was told me by the daughter of the man who lived.

In my own family a person very ill with dysentery begged for ripe peaches, and almost unwillingly her physician allowed her to taste one from a basket just sent in; while the rest of us were at dinner she contrived unheard to help herself into the next room, find that basket, and take all the peaches she could eat. From that moment she began to recover, though she never confessed what she had done till she was quite well again. No doubt many can parallel some of these cases in their own experience, but if this record should save one hostess from the mortification of seeing a guest unable to enjoy her dinner, however savory and delicately prepared, or deliver one guest from the dismay of refusing food or the suffering sequent on eating it from mistaken politeness; if from these lines one mother should forbear to insist on her child's eating what is really loathsome to its taste, and hurtful consequently to its stomach; or if any nurse or friend shall be induced to humor a sick person's fancy for some article of food or drink, and thereby at least make the languid days or restless nights of lingering illness more endurable or less tedious, the errand of "Idiosyncrasies in Eating" will be, in the phrase of more ancient chronicles--"well sped."

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Bed Making and Bed Coverings.

BY CHRISTINE TERRILL HERRICK.

The proverb, "There's a right and a wrong way of doing everything," cannot be applied more oppositely to any branch of household management than to the art of bed making. The term is used advisedly. Bed making is an art to which careful study should be given--a fact not

appreciated by the majority of housewives.

The general opinion seems to be that any servant, no matter how ill trained or awkward, can perform this task satisfactorily. In this respect a more just view was taken by that opponent of the higher education of woman who declared that mental culture was of no value in that most important business of feminine existence--securing a husband--and added that no woman who could sweep a floor, cook a breakfast, or make a bed need ever remain single, except from choice.

Our kitchen gardens do good work in teaching children bed-making among other varieties of housework. If the practice of the schools will be put into daily use in the home there is ground for hope that the next generation may be favored with realizations of comfort known to but few of the present time. Not that the discomfort is active. The hypersensitiveness of the princess, who proved her title to gentility by recognizing the presence of three peas under the forty feather beds, is happily of uncommon occurrence. By far the greater number of sleepers have versed a toughening apprenticeship that rendered them blissfully oblivious of knotty mattresses, lumpy pillows and creased sheets. Of these was the thrifty housewife who urged using rough-dried sheets as a means of saving labor to the laundress, a course which may well be catalogued with the advice given, to sleep between the blankets in cold weather, thus eschewing sheets entirely during the winter months.

Without wasting time in discussing these extreme theories, the student of modes of enhancing home comfort may turn her attention to beds as they are and as they ought to be. No violent changes are necessary in order to achieve the perfect couch. In this day the woven wire spring is an almost invariable accompaniment to a bedstead. Feather beds are relegated to the garret, or if permitted to remain in the inhabited part of the house, are only used as a makeshift for springs when the latter are not available. They answer even this purpose indifferently and are apt to become musty.

There is no doubt that a good hair mattress will give more solid comfort to the square inch than any other species of bedding, but those to whom these expensive luxuries are denied can find tolerable substitutes. Moss and cotton topped with excelsior, while they have not the wearing qualities of hair, supply its place better than one would imagine at the outset. A mattress should always be made in two pieces, to permit of its being easily turned and shifted by one pair of arms. A mattress cover, the size of a large sheet and made of two thicknesses of bleached cotton cloth with a single layer of cotton batting quilted between them, should be a sine qua non. Laid under the sheet it aids in softening the couch.

Those of Mrs. Whitney's readers familiar with the details of bed-making appreciate as no others can Aunt Lily's desire to have the sheet "stretched as tight and smooth as a fireboard." Indeed, smooth stretching and close tucking in all sides and foot are essential not only to the comfort but also to the neatness of the bed. There is hardly any minor aspiration more hopelessly miserable than that of feeling the bed clothes give way at the bottom of the bed as they are drawn up over the shoulders, and knowing that peace of mind and body cannot be restored without first leaving the snug nest and shivering wrestling with the mattress and coverings.

Heavy comfortables should not be used except in extreme cold weather, and then only laid folded on the foot of the bed to be pulled up in case extra warmth is required. Light, fleecy blankets are in every way preferable.

In the matter of spreads there is such a wide field for choice that it is hardly possible to go far wrong. Between the plain "honey-comb" white counterpane and the latest dainty combination of satin and lace can be found an endless variety suitable to all purses. There are many arguments against having in constant service any bed coverings which cannot be washed. In selection, individual taste, however, must be the guide, although one important caution to be observed is that of choosing an article in harmony with the other furniture of the room. Rich draperies for a plain cottage bedstead are as out of place as would be point lace on a morning gingham.

The same principle may be applied to shams--ornaments, by the way, that try the flesh and patience of every bed-maker. Without going so far as to banish them altogether, it may at least be urged that they should never be employed for the purpose of concealing soiled pillows. Repudiate also the great square abominations stuffed with jute and known to furniture dealers as day pillows. Far preferable are plump feather pillows covered with white linen, ruffled or tucked. These can be laid aside at night and their place supplied with a bolster. Or, if this is not desired, an excellent plan is to keep two sets of slips, the creased and tumbled ones used at night to be replaced each morning by the fresh ones kept for day wear. The washing of one more pair a week gives little additional work, and the trouble of changing is more than repaid by the gain in neatness.

In many families cotton sheets are used all the year around, either from choice or necessity. But if it is possible pillow and bolster cases should be of linen. This is especially desirable for those who are troubled with restlessness or insomnia. The easily heated cotton slip enhances discomfort, while the smooth, cool surface of the linen seems almost to possess a soothing influence.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the advisability of airing beds thoroughly. To carelessness in this regard may be attributed the close, offensive odors which frequently meet one, not alone in the homes of the poorer classes, but in the bedrooms of the high-price hotels. It is not enough to turn down the coverings, only to draw them back half an hour later. The unsavory fact that the body loses weight during a night's slumber shows clearly that more vigorous methods of treatment than these are required to free the bed coverings of the exhalations from the sleeper. Counterpane, blankets and sheets should be stripped from the bed, well shaken and hung on two chairs to prevent their gathering dust by resting on the floor. The mattress should be half turned and propped against the foot-board so as to allow the free access of air to both sides. Pillows and bolster should be beaten energetically. Then, even in the bitterest weather, the windows should be opened wide, if only for ten minutes, that the atmosphere of the apartment may be completely changed.

Nor is this enough. Two or three times a winter, oftener in the summer, the mattress should have half a day's sunning. The cotton cloth mattress covers mentioned before do much to

wards protecting the bedding from perspiration; but even with this, a thorough "sweatening" in the sunshine is occasionally essential. This course should not be followed with bolster or pillows. The heat of the sun acting upon the animal grease in the feathers produces an unpleasant odor. The best method of freshening pillows is to lay them on the fresh turf in the shade. When this is out of the question let them be hung on the clothes line.

While the custom of keeping a guest chamber always in readiness for chance visitors has its advantages, there are strong reasons against having the bed prepared until just before it is to be occupied. There is a comfort about a newly made bed that disappears from one left standing for weeks or even days. A dampness seems to gather about the sheets, a mustiness about the blankets and bedding that gives the occupant an unpleasant sensation that the couch has not been properly aired, and awakens fears of colds, rheumatism and other fleshly ills.

A plentiful provision of extra covering should always be prepared for the guest room. Many a visitor who dreads to hurt the feelings of a hostess or is too little at home in a house to ask for additional blankets, has shivered all night in a handsomely appointed chamber, or been reduced to piling his own garments upon the bed to secure the needed heat. The silk or satin duvets stuffed with eider down are at once the warmest and lightest of covers. But when these cannot be procured an excellent substitute may be made of colored chamois cloth, lined with cotton batting or French wool wadding. Very pretty are those with one side cardinal red, the other light blue, the stuffing between being held in place by tufts of worsted to match. These are preferable to the heavy alleged "comfortables" sold in stores.

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Every-Day Bills of Fare.

BY MARION HANLAND.

In the preparation of this series of bills of fare for family use I have sought to accomplish three things:

First and chiefly, to be practical.

Secondly, to express my meaning clearly and fully.

Thirdly, to adapt menu and recipes to the service of people of moderate means.

"How do you make your delicious chicken salad?" asked one housekeeper of another in the day when the dish was comparatively new.

"Oh, I put in all the good things I can think of, and when it tastes just right I stop," was the satisfactory reply. Too many recipes, furnished by practical cooks and printed for the use of the inexperienced, are constructed on this principle, and presuppose skill and judgment in the tyro. Almost as serious is the blunder of yielding to the temptation to write out showy lists of dishes as model meals for the reader whose income is not above the average of that of the young merchant or professional man. The true cook has in her modest sphere such pleasure in recipe making as the musician or poet has in composition. All three fall of popularity when they discourage instead of animating those they would instruct. The teacher's province is not to display his own proficiency, but to develop the pupil's powers. Tuition that falls short of this end is failure.

The housewife who has a fixed, small allowance for marketing reads in the House Corner of her family newspaper a breakfast menu that calls for a dish of meat, one of fish and another of eggs, for two kinds of hot bread, for oatmeal porridges, potatoes, fruit, coffee and milk chocolate--and, with a sinking heart she turns elsewhere for help in her attempt to vary the monotony of the first and most trying meal of the day. Recipes and cook books are not prepared for millionaire's wives. Our prudent manager knows as well as does her would-be mentor that few families even among her wealthy neighbors sit down daily to breakfast tables spread as lavishly as the imaginary board above sketched. To discouragement is added contempt for the printed guide that would assert the contrary to be the rule.

A clever little woman who has a positive genius for cookery threw up her hands tragically when I recommended as easily made and cheap the oyster bisque, directions for which are herewith appended:

"I have a receipt for it, thank you! It calls for sixteen ingredients. I counted them. One of them is a quart of cream! I could not put that soup into my tureen for less than \$1.50, not counting time and labor. I do not believe in 50-cent dinners for six people, but we can't afford \$5 for breakfast every day!"

A novice brought to me last week an article clipped from a favorite weekly, in which minute instructions were given, dialogically, for the manufacture of meat dumplings. The tale--as a tale--hung well together. But the meat never went into the pastry. Why and how they were kept apart was a worse quandary than the king's enigma as to how the apple got into his dumpling.

With this prefatory, and I trust, not tedious laying of the cloth, we will proceed to the business of the day.

Breakfast.
Wheaten Grits.
Baked Omelette with cheese.
Hashed Potatoes, Creamed.
Apple Shortcake, Graham Bread.
Fruit, Tea, Coffee.

Wheaten grits--Four heaping tablespoonfuls of cracked wheat, soaked all night in enough water to cover it, one quart of boiling water, half teaspoonful salt, varying the quantity to taste. Heat the water in a farina kettle; stir in the soaked grits and salt, and cook one hour, stirring often. Beat up hard before turning it into a deep dish.

Baked omelette with cheese--Six eggs, one tablespoonful of cream or milk, half teaspoonful of cornstarch wet with milk, three or four tablespoonfuls of dry grated cheese, salt and pepper. Beat whites and yolks separately and very light. Mix them with a few whisks of your egg-beater. This should be done lightly and swiftly, the seasoning and cornstarch going in at the same time. Pour the frothy mixture instantly into a warm and buttered baking dish and set in a quick oven until it has puffed high and begins to color faintly. From five to seven minutes in a hot oven should do this. Draw to the oven door, strew the cheese on the top and hold a red-hot shovel so close to it that it will blaze up suddenly. Blow it out as soon as it ignites and serve at once. Grated Parmesan cheese is put up in bottles by Crosse & Blackwell and is best for this dish.

Hashed potatoes, creamed--Ten or twelve large potatoes cut into dice as nearly uniform in size as may be, boiling water to cover them well, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of butter cut up in one of flour, salt and pepper to liking, cook the potatoes tender but not breaking, turn off all water except a spoonful or two in the bottom of the kettle, put in

milk, and as it boils, the floured butter and seasoning; simmer until the milk thickens and pour out; cook in a farina kettle.

Apple Shortcake--Eight or ten ripe tart apples, a quart of flour, a heaping teaspoonful of lard, and the same of butter rubbed into the flour, two cups of fresh milk, two teaspoonfuls of Horsford's baking powder, or one teaspoonful of soda and twice as much cream of tartar, sifted with the dry flour, half cupful of sugar, half teaspoonful of salt, sift flour and baking powder twice together, salt, rub in the shortening and wet with the milk, handle briskly and work fast enough to incorporate the ingredients--much kneading injures--quick biscuit dough--roll out, also lightly, and divide into two parts, lay one in a broad baking pan, trimming to fit the bottom, cover half an inch deep with apples, pared, cored and sliced, sprinkle with sugar, and lay above them the other sheet of pastry; prick here and there with a fork and bake to a light brown, cut in squares to send to table split, and eat with sugar and butter.

(It is not convenient to give full recipes for bread baking in the space appropriated to this series. The reader will excuse me if I refer her for instructions how to make Graham and other breads to "Common Sense in the Household," page 256-272.)

Tea--Tea should be made by steeping the leaves in a little boiling water for three or four minutes, keeping the pot closely covered--then adding enough water, actually boiling, to fill the number of cups required. Never use water that is "almost on the boil," or set the pot on the range to simmer after filling it. To make really strong fresh tea allow an even teaspoonful of the dried herb to a cupful of water. The best "mixed tea" I have ever tasted and which has been in use in my family for many years was given to me by an English tea merchant. The components and proportions are one-half pound of oolong, one-quarter pound of scotchong, one-quarter pound of young hyson, two ounces of orange pekoe.

Coffee--While many persist in a preference for the old-fashioned boiled coffee, there is a growing disposition to substitute for it the French beverage made by percolation, or Turkish coffee brewed by infusion in boiling water. Delicious coffee, strong, clear and aromatic, is made by what is known as the Vienna method. Directions for making accompany the pot.

Fruit--Fruits, each in its season, are now the invariable accompaniment of breakfast in nineteen out of twenty households. It is usually the first course of the meal, but there are people who prefer to make it the last, stomachs that suffer from the intrusion of crude, acid juices upon their emptiness. Fruit napkins and finger bowls must always be set on the table with fruit.

LUNCHEON.
This light midday meal so nearly corresponds with the "henry tea" affected by those who adhere to the old custom of an early dinner that the same dishes may be served at both.

Galantine.
Scalloped sweet potatoes, stewed creamed peaches, Bread and Butter, Crackers and cheese, Cake and tea.

Galantine--In using fat pork for frying or seasoning, keep the rind intact. When all the meat is cut away, scrape the skin and soak all night in cold water to which has been added a few spoonfuls of vinegar. Next day spread the inside thickly with layers of sausage, chopped and seasoned bits of game, poultry, giblets, veal beef, lamb--almost any kind of meat may go in. Moisten with gravy or broth, scatter a few bits of onion, finely minced, as you pack the layers; bind up closely in the rind, joining the edges perfectly; sew a stout cloth tightly about it and boil gently four hours for each pound of galatine in salted water or weak broth. Let it get cold in the liquid, take it out and keep it under a heavy weight for twelve hours. Cut the stitches and remove the cloth carefully. Cut at table in thin slices.

Scalloped sweet potatoes--Slice cold roast or boiled potatoes, arrange in layers with bits of butter, a little salt and pepper between, in a greased bake dish, cover and bake until very hot; stew with dry crumbs, stick bits of butter on top, and brown.

Stewed peaches (canned)--Strain the liquor from a can of peaches, put it over the fire with half a cup of sugar and boil thirty minutes. Skim, drop in the fruit and bring it to a second boil to throw up the scum. Take this off and pour out the peaches to cool in the syrup. They will taste very much like stewed fresh fruit, the flat "canned" flavor being entirely removed. Cut the bread in thin, even slices, make the butter into balls, heat the crackers to freshen them and make a course of them and the cheese.

DINNER.
Oyster Bisque.
Roast Turkey, garnished with Sausages.
Spinach, Corn Pudding, Whipped Potatoes, Cranberry Sauce.
Celery.
Cottage Pudding, Hard Sauce, Coffee.

Oyster Bisque (Delicious)--One pint of chicken or veal stock--the liquor in which chickens have been boiled is excellent for this purpose; one pint of oysters, one cup of milk, two eggs, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, one heaping cup of bread crumbs, one great spoonful of butter rubbed in one of flour. Strain the stock and set over the fire with the crumbs in a farina kettle. In another vessel heat the oyster liquor, and when it simmers add the oysters chopped fine. Cook all twenty minutes. In a third vessel scald the milk; stir into this the floured butter, boil up sharply and pour on the beaten eggs. Set in hot water while you turn the oysters and liquor in the kettle containing the stock and crumbs and cook together before putting in parsley and other seasoning. Finally pour in milk and eggs, after which the soup must not boil but stand in hot water three minutes. Serve promptly in a hot tureen.

Roast turkey--Clean carefully, rinse out with soda and water, then with pure water, and fill with bread crumbs seasoned with pepper, salt, butter and a little onion well, ten minutes to the pound, to a fine brown. Keep the breast covered with thick paper, pork or bacon rind for the first hour. Tack the liver under one wing, the gizzard under the other when you dish it. Skim the gravy faithfully, and thicken with browned flour. Garnish the turkey with sausage meat, made into small cakes and fried, laid closely about it.

Spinach--Pick over a peck of spinach, wash well and throw away the stalks. Boil twenty-five minutes in slightly salted water; drain, and rub through a colander with a wooden spoon or potato beetle. Season with pepper, salt, a teaspoonful of white sugar, and set over the fire while you stir and beat in a great spoonful of butter and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat and

toss to a smoking creamy mass, and serve in three tablespoonfuls of each on a plate. Boil up and dish. Lay sliced butter on top.

Corn Pudding--One cup of (drained), four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of butter, and one of sugar, two cups of milk, salt and pepper. Beat the eggs light; rub butter and sugar warm slightly and put in next, then the seasoning and the corn, which should be chopped very fine. Beat and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Bake to a delicate brown and serve in the baked dish.

Whipped Potatoes--Peel and boil potatoes; when done, pour off the water, set at the back of the stove to drain the moisture, whip with two eggs, granulated powder, then beat in a milk (hot, but not scalded); is a tablespoonful of butter has been added, salt to taste and whip to a cream. Bake in a deep dish.

Cranberry Sauce--Put a quart of berries, carefully picked over, in a saucepan with a teaspoonful of water, stew until they are broken to pieces, rather thick. Sweeten plentifully with white sugar, and rub through a colander. Set to form in a mold with cold water.

Cottage Pudding--Three cups of prepared flour, one cup of sugar, one egg, a full one--two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, one of soda, one of salt, cream, butter, one of milk and salt, lastly, whipped cream, sifted flour alternately. Bake in a buttered cake-mold, and turn out before the table.

Hard Sauce--Beat together a cup of powdered sugar and a heaping spoonful of butter. When they are well mixed, add the juice of a lemon and a half teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat to cold place to harden.

"After-dinner coffee" is a small cups, black and clear, cream go around with it, heat the first, still fewer the latter.

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Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children is always to be used for children teething, soothes the child, softens the bowels, lays all pain, cures wild colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. It is a bottle.

Gov. Ireland.

We have never written anything for Gov. Ireland. We have never said anything in his favor, nor anything against him, but we believe he has the right to make important suggestions to our next legislature, with good arguments and reasons which would render the great benefit of all the people in the state of Texas.

Gov. Ireland would find it to his advantage to occasionally visit Fort Worth and mix with our people and get acquainted. Fort Worth is the representative town of Northwestern Texas. We would be pleased to meet Gov. Ireland in our some busy day, when he could see the crowds of people buying our dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, hats, etc., a great popularity of our store. We are up the business by adhering closely to three ideas--low prices, good goods, and always treating the people well.

THOMAS EMMIS, Advertising Editor Chase Trading Company.

Are you going to give your money a rocker during the holidays? If you mean to go to Fakes & Co. and Hunzinger.

At the Bazar.
Handsome dresses and wraps. Hats, bonnets and millinery. Silks, satins, brocades and laces. In short, everything which ladies can be had in great profusion at Mrs. D. Brown's Fashion Bazar, 518 Main street.

Send Your Orders
To Joseph H. Brown, wholesale grocer. His stock is complete in every particular and his inducements to the holiday trade never have been equaled before. Write him at once and place your order.

Surprise your mother-in-law with Hunzinger rocker. Fakes & Co. has them for sale.

Limel! Limel! Limel!
Round Rock and Austin Limel--manufacture white lime of the very best quality. Orders solicited. For prices, etc., address MARTIN & WALSH, Round Rock, Tex. Proprietors.

For sale by G. W. Gillespie, 518 Main street, Fort Worth.

A \$50 Hunzinger rocker if bought a month will entitle you to a chance to win \$3000 suit to be given away by Fakes & Co.

Mules and Horses.
Mitchell Bros' at their old stand on all the good mules and horses in the market, and will pay spot cash for them.

Lampton Bros.
Are selling all good grades of boots and shoes. They handle nothing cheap and shoddy. Buy from them and you will always do well.

Do you want the \$3000 bed-room suit to be given away by Fakes & Co.?

Loans of Money
And lien notes negotiated in sums \$1000 and upwards, on improved productive farms, or fenced pastures. Com bonds negotiated.

E. H. GRANER, Over Traders' National Bank, Fort Worth.

Every single sale of goods to amount of \$50 at Fakes & Co.'s entitles the purchaser to a chance in the \$3000 bed-room suit to be given away on 1st of January. Do you want it?